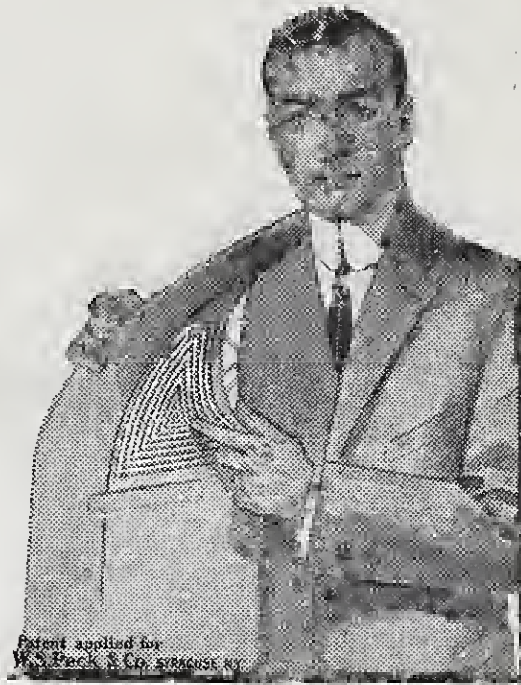


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Michaels-Stern Clothes For Young Men.

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Telephone 18

The Rocket

Book and Job
Printing

The High School Annual
is a specimen of our work

Don't read this ad.

And straightway forgit it,—
Keep it in mind and you'll be glad,
Because Hans and Fritz have writ it.

Ride with Hans and
Fritz,—they always
come back.

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West-Central Auto Company

Kelly(Frayer-
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Trucks, Best
on Earth.

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Candy

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Wyo.
Telephone 111



To the High School
in particular and to all the
Scholars in general_____

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Apparel or other Merchandise.

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and
School
Supplies

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Jewelers - Engravers

Solid Gold and Silverware
Diamonds - Souvenirs

Our Appreciation

THE students of the Rock Springs High School wish to thank the business men of Rock Springs for their kindness in helping us make our HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL a success. They have been very liberal in purchasing advertising space, thus enabling us to publish a better book than ever before.

We also wish to thank the teachers of the High School, who have spent much valuable time in correcting our work for the ANNUAL; and also the people of the town, who have been very liberal in purchasing Annuals. We also ask you to patronize the business men who have advertised with us.

HARRY MCKINNEY, Business Manager.

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HALL AT NORTH SIDE BUILDING



O. J. BLAKESLEY, PH. D.
Superintendent of Schools

To you, our beloved Superintendent, this
Annual is dedicated in testimony of the admira-
tion and affection of the pupils of the Rock
Springs High School.



SENIOR CLASS

Rickety, rackets, russ,
We're not allowed to fuss;
But, nevertheless,
We must confess
There's nothing the matter
with us. SENIORS!

CLASS FLOWER,
Pink Rose.

CLASS COLORS,
Cream and Brown.

CLASS OFFICERS

Christena Muir - President
Iona Jensen - Secretary

Hildur Olson - Vice-President
Clara Utsinger - Treasurer

CHRISTENA MUIR

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Member of Glee Club (four years).
Secretary of Class in 1910-1911.
President of Class in 1911-1912.
Future Stenographer.



IONA JENSEN

"She hath eyes that could speak,
Though her tongue were silent."
(But it isn't).

Secretary of Class in 1911-1912.
She says, "I expect to be married
sooner or later."



HILDUR OLSON

"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love"

Member of Glee Club (two years).
President of Class in 1910-1911.
Vice-President of Class in 1911-1912.
Society Editor of Annual in 1911.
Expects to teach.



CLARA UTSINGER

"Wisdom shineth in thine eyes,
fair maiden,
Learning speaketh in thy voice,
And thy sweet and gentle accents,
Did thy loving friends rejoice."

Member of Glee Club (three years).
Class Editor of Annual 1911-1912.
Treasurer of Class in 1911-1912.
Expects to teach.



ROBERT CRIE

"Not for himself, but for the
whole world he lives."

Took part in High School Play.
Member of Declamatory Contest 1910
Future Photographer.





MARTHA BLAIR

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Member of Glee Club (four years).
Expects to go to College.



HARRY FRANCIS

"He picks something out of
everything he reads."

Freshman year in Denver High School
Contestant on Track Team 1911.
Going to College of Electrical
Engineering.



LYDIA FOSTER

"The laughter of girls is, and
ever was, among the
most delightful sounds
of earth."

Expects to go to College and take up
teaching for profession.

HAZEL IREDALE

"How music charms,
How metre warms,
Parent of actions,
Good and brave."

School Musician.
Member of Glee Club (four years).
Expects to take a course in Domestic
Science at State University.



THOMAS LEMARR

"Precious articles come in small
packages."

The mischief maker and joy of the
whole High School.
Expects to go to Medical College.



HARRY MCKINNEY

"He speaks for himself."

Business Manager of Annual 1912.
He takes high flights at the present
time, and expects to become an
aviator soon.





ALICE MORROW

"Because I wish to live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing."

Expects to build an institution of learning, and be a kindergarten teacher.



EUGENE MORRIS

"As prone to mischief, as able to perform it."

Member of band.
Vice-President of Class in 1910-1911.
Assistant Business Manager of Annual 1911-1912.
Will either become a concert performer or enter the hardware business.



GRACE PARK

"Thy voice hath a wonderful melody, to soothe the tired spirit."

Member of Glee Club (four years).
Treasurer of Class in 1910-1911.
For her future occupation, see Miss Jensen's prophecy.

FRANK SUBIC

"Black is thine hair,
And straight thy form,
Thine eyes show duty to perform"

He is certainly the business man of
the class.
Expects to go to business college and
become a banker.



EMMA SMITH

"I have ever held it as a maxim,
never to do that through
another, which it was pos-
sible for me to do myself."

Youngest of the class.
We are sure that she will make her
mark in whatever occupation
she chooses to take up.



IVER LINDEN

"The most difficult thing in life
is to know yourself."

Expects to become a rancher.



FLOWER:
White Carnation

JUNIORS

COLORS:
Gold and Blue

MOTTO: "Never be a bromide."

CLASS OFFICERS:

President, Christina Park
Vice-Pres., Serifina Facinelli
Treasurer, Orren Bell
Secretary, Jennie Elias

CLASS YELL:

RICKETY, RICKETY, RUS,
COME TAKE A LOOK AT US;
WE ARE, WE ARE,
WHY DON'T YOU KNOW,
WE ARE THE JUNIORS
WHO MAKE THINGS GO.

At the beginning of the school year only one familiar face was missing from the class, that of William Morrow. This is in itself a sufficient proof of our unquenchable thirst for knowledge.

"Originality" has ever been the Junior watch word.

The regular Junior studies are: English, Mediaeval and Modern History, and Physics. The electives being: Latin, German, and Stenography.

Much ability has been shown by the stenography class in taking rapid dictation.

The Junior class is the first in the history of the High School to read both "Cicero" and "Virgil" in one year.

Debating has proved very interesting this year, the two most successful being: "Resolved that Lynch Law is justifiable," won by the negative, and "Resolved that Wyoming should have Initiative, Referendum and Recall," won by the affirmative.

To the warm supervision and personal interest of our Superintendent, and the inexhaustible patience of our splendid faculty is due the unqualified success of the class of 1913 on the path to the "knowledge which surpasseth all understanding." (Even the faculty find it difficult to understand us at times.)

The Juniors instituted an entirely new custom when they produced the first original play ever given in our city. It was unanimously voted a grand success, both theatrically and financially.

Much of the success of the play was due to the kind assistance and untiring patience of Miss Downey, whose aid and suggestions were indispensable.

The proceeds, \$137.80, to which we hope to add more before leaving school, will be expended in purchasing beautiful pictures for our new High School building.



JUNIORS

Top Row (left to right). — Sarah Harvey, Anton Kiviahio, Fidelia Tronquet, Margaret Webster, Robert Guy, Anna Dykes,
Lillias Wise.

Second Row. — Arthur Anderson, Frank Crie, Jennie Elias, Orren Bell, Irene Moffitt, Grace Park, Earl Sprowell.

Third Row. — Christina Park, Mary Griffith, William Jones, Agnes Muir, Robert Anderson, Nellie Love, Serafina Facinelli.



Katie Kasey in Base Ball

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rock Springs Base Ball Captain	-	-	Arthur Anderson
Earl Baker, Green River Base Ball Captain	-	-	Robert Guy
Mutt	-	-	Orren Bell
Jeff	-	-	Robert Anderson
Rock Springs Cheer Leader	-	-	Charles Levesque
Base Ball Fan	-	-	Earl Sprowell
Chief Objector	-	-	William Jones
Katie Kasey	-	-	Grace Park
Katie's Substitute	-	-	Anna Dykes
Mrs. Park	-	-	Fidelia Tronquet
Teacher	-	-	Margaret Webster
Prunes	-	-	Tina Park
Precious	-	-	Frank Crie
Rah! Rah! Twins	-	Serafina Facinelli, Nellie Love	
Katie's Cousin	-	-	Jennie Elias
Katie's School Friend	-	-	Sarah Harvey
Topsy	-	-	Mary Griffiths
Musician	-	-	Lillias Wise
Stage Manager	-	-	Anton Kiviaho

SOPHOMORES

S-martest.
O-riginal.
P-ersevering.
H-onorable.
O-rderly.
M-arvelous.
O-bservant.
R-efined.
E-xcellent.
S-ociable.

CLASS YELL

Hopalonga, hopalonga, hi, hi, hi!
Chicalonga, chicalonga, chi, chi, chi!
Hopalonga, chicalonga,
Who are we?
We are Sophomores,
A and B.

The Sophomore class indulges in athletics more than any other class in High School.

The girls have a very good basket ball team, and the boys have the champion base ball team of the High School. They have even won a game between a picked High School team and the Sophomores. The old saying: "Good goods is done up in small packages," seems very true with the Sophomore class. The boys are not large, but can certainly play ball.

The Sophomore class has had many social affairs this term. As a class they stay together well, and have had several enjoyable class parties.

Sophomore version of Latin:

All are dead who spoke it.
All are dead who wrote it.
All will die who learn it.
Blessed death they earn it.

Miss Jones, in Ancient History: "What did Constantine do?"

Brilliant pupil: "He died."

Miss Jones, in History: "In Rome Crassus built theaters with stone seats so—

F. W. (always ready to help): "So they wouldn't wear out."

Pupil: "How do you say 'I happen' in Latin?"

Mr. Clement: "Ah! Kiddo" (accido).



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES

(CONTINUED)

Miss Armstrong, in English: "Miss Rector, spell the plural of 'forget-me-not.'"

Miss Rector: "F-o-r-g-e-t-n-o-t-m-e-s."

Clifford had a little car,
He started up a hill,
But didn't get up very far
Before the car stood still.

It is becoming quite natural for the pupils to congratulate Bessie Johnson on receiving prizes for essay writing. Bessie received another prize this year in the contest given by the First National Bank.

CLASS SONG

Oh! its in Rock Springs' High School you'll find us,
The most talented class of all;
The girls, they are all very pretty,
And the boys exceedingly tall.

CHORUS

Sing Sophomores, Sophomores,
Oh! there are Sophomores, A and B,
And if anyone doubts what I'm saying,
Come to R. S. H. S. and see.

In Latin but few can surpass us,
Already we speak fluently,
But when we are Seniors believe us,
No one can speak better than we.

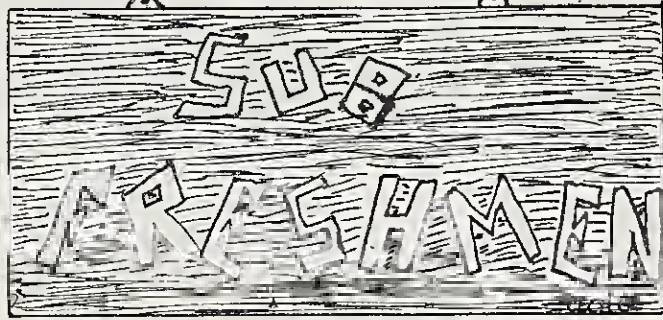
(Chorus)

In English, you may be quite certain,
The teacher ne'er scolds us at all,
But sometimes it happens, tho' seldom,
Some recite after school in the hall. —V. E. J. '14





SUB-FRESHMEN



CLASS YELL

Whoopla! Whoopla!
Who are we!
We're Sub-Freshmen
Sure's can be.
Are we in it?
I should smile,
We've been in it
For quite a while!

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold.

MOTTO

"Well begun is half done."

CLASS OFFICERS

President - Cecil Outsien	Vice-President - Ethyle Stewart
Treasurer - Esther Outsien	Secretary - Dorsey Morris

On the honor roll this year, the Sub-Freshmen have four pupils who have received grades above ninety in every study throughout the year. The pupils are as follows: Walter Hanks, Gussie Wilde, Mamie Juel, and Dorothy Van Deusen.

Dorsey Morris and Ramsey Taliaferro made a cabinet, in which to put many interesting specimens of commercial products such as textiles, cereals, minerals, etc., collected by the Sub-Freshmen class.

The girls and boys of the Sub-Freshmen class sent a Christmas box to the orphans at Laramie. The girls in the upper grades willingly gave their assistance, and the box was highly appreciated by the little folks at the orphanage.

A very interesting fact about our class is that only about one half of the pupils were born in Rock Springs, or other places in Wyoming. The rest came from different places. There are two who were born in Montana, one in Wisconsin, two in Colorado, one in Idaho, one in Maryland, one in Oregon, four in Pennsylvania, two in Iowa, two in Illinois, one in Nebraska, and several came from such far away countries as England, France, and Italy.

ROCK SPRINGS HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

Published Annually by the pupils of the Rock Springs High School

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....	CHRISTENA MUIR
ASST. EDITOR.....	IONA JENSEN
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	HARRY MCKINNEY
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER.....	EUGENE MORRIS
STAFF ARTIST.....	WILLIAM JONES

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Exchanges.....	Josephine Johnston
Society.....	Fidelia Tronquet
Literary.....	Frank Crie
News.....	Mamie Jucl
Alumni.....	Miss Agnes Anderson
Music.....	Hazel Iredale

CLASS EDITORS

Senior.....	Clara Utzinger
Junior.....	Serafina Facinelli
Sophomore.....	Vera Jensen, Lucile Iredale
Sub-Freshmen.....	Gussie Wilde

SECOND YEAR

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING, MAY, 1912

25c PER COPY

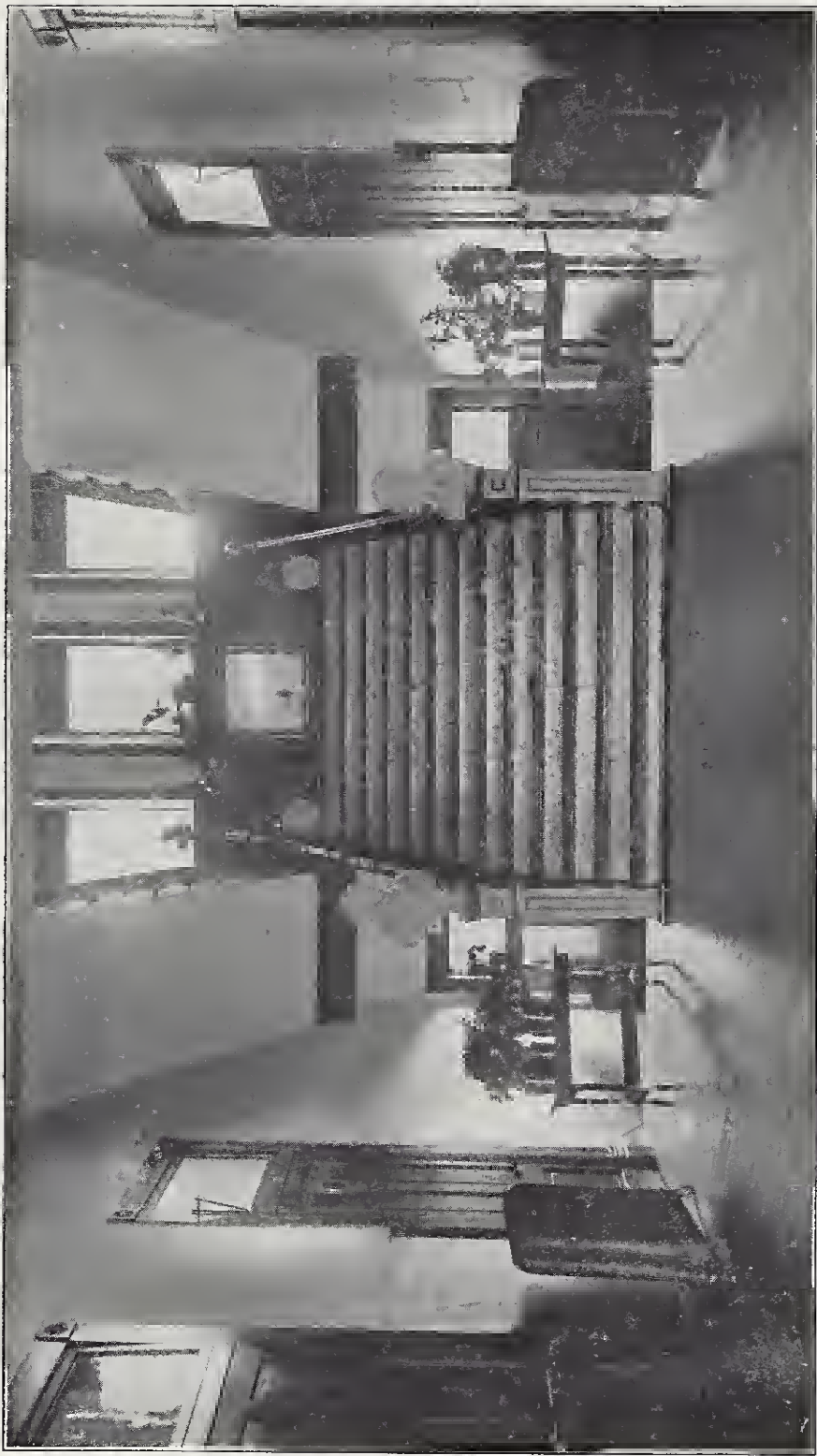
EDITORIAL

OUR HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL has been a source of great mental agony for the editors. We hope it will not be such for the readers; and that they will remember, though we are very brilliant young people, we cannot avoid a few mistakes.

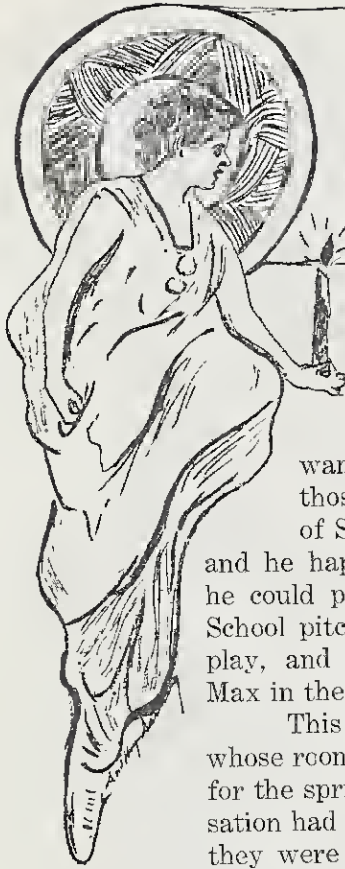
IN a few years we expect to see a splendid High School building erected that will excel all others in the state. It will have all the modern improvements—a gymnasium, laboratories, shops, and a department for domestic science. The latter will, without doubt, be appreciated by many of our girls and, perhaps, by some of our boys. We wish to extend our thanks to the people of Rock Springs who have assisted in the progress of our High School.

NEARLY every issue of the Phillips Exeter Monthly contains some of Toby Reavill's very interesting work; doubly interesting to us, perhaps, because Mr. Reavill was a student of the Rock Springs High School.

FOR the first time during the existence of a High School in Rock Springs, there are enough Seniors to present a play with no assistance from other High School classes. This year they will present "A Mid-summer Night's Dream." This play is one of Shakespeare's classics, and would be difficult for any class but the Senior, to represent the character of the time of its composition. We do not want to appear conceited but one cannot help admitting the truth.



LOWER HALL, MAIN BUILDING



LITERARY

Rock Springs vs. Alliance

"I don't care, fellows, you can say what you want, but there's some mighty good baseball stuff in those Freshies. Here we are, making all sorts of fun of Shuster just because his manners aren't polished and he happens to be a little overgrown. But I'll tell you, he could put a ball over the fence even if the best High School pitcher in Wyoming were in the box. I've seen him play, and with a little practice—why boys, he'd even put Max in the shade."

This speech was unusually long for Captain Beverly, in whose room the Senior boys had met to discuss the material for the spring baseball team. Naturally enough, the conversation had turned upon the new students, at whose expense they were having a good deal of fun. The one who had received more attention than anyone else was Jack Shuster, tall, well built, but exceedingly bashful.

While the Seniors were recovering from the surprise caused by the unusual enthusiasm of their captain, he broke in again, "Fellows, we need Shuster more than anyone else if we expect to keep the cup this year. Alliance's team is better than ever, and you know it was great last season."

One by one the boys began to own up that they, too, had seen Shuster play and that his strength and ability were unequalled.

Before the crowd dispersed that night, it was unanimously voted that Shuster should play second base on the High School team.

All through the season the Rock Springs team won the games played with the other High Schools of the state; now only the game with Alliance remained.

"Hang it all, fellows, I can't play in the game today. I just received a letter from mother, and though she doesn't mind my playing in the small games, she won't let me play today. She thinks there's too much excitement in big games. Imagine a little excitement affecting a big fellow like me," Shuster laughed in an embarrassed way.

"Say, Shuster, stop your joking and get ready. Don't you think I'm worried enough without your 'tommy rot,' " exclaimed the captain in a provoked tone.

"But, Captain, it isn't a joke, it's the truth. Here, read for yourself. I'm awfully sorry."

By this time all the players were gathered around Captain Beverly and Shuster.

After reading the letter Captain Beverly sank upon the bench and was silent for some time. Then he said, "Jack, I'm sorry, too, but if you can't play, you can't, that's all. But before we go, I want you to know we don't blame you. It's harder on you than on us. Come on boys."

"Thanks, Captain," said Shuster, gripping Beverly's hand. "That's a great relief. I was afraid you fellows might think I was a piker."

At the umpire's "play ball" the team took its place on the field.

In the first inning Alliance scored one. Rock Springs made nothing. Thus the score remained until the fifth inning when Alliance scored another run and Rock Springs also made one. The lucky seventh passed and the eighth, and then the first half of the ninth, without any change in the score. During the last half of the ninth Rock Springs scored one. This tied the game. The deafening shouts of the rooters filled the air.

One girl in orange and black was so enthusiastic that she attracted the attention of Shuster's mother, who had come without her son's knowledge. She said to a friend who accompanied her, "That young lady evidently has very little sense." But soon she, too, found herself wildly interested in the outcome of the game.

The first half of the tenth inning Alliance scored nothing. During the last half the bases were filled with Rock Springs boys and two men were already out.

Now was the need of a good batter realized most. Captain Beverly knew that no one could withstand the determined Alliance pitcher except Shuster, and to him he instinctively turned.

"Shuster, we need you. Why man, if you don't go to the plate we'll lose, sure. See that pitcher's face! Well, he means business and none of our fellows can stand against him. Hurry, man! Please."

"But, Chester, I can't. My mother— Why, I promised her."

By this time all the team had gathered around him and everyone was talking at once.

"Oh, Shuster, we'll lose the game."

"Your mother won't even know."

"Come on, Shuster, don't be a piker."

"Do you mean that you're going to let us lose the game, Shuster?"

The students had already carried the news to the grand stand, and the people were murmuring against Shuster's mother. Such remarks as this reached her ear, "Any mother who will allow her son to sacrifice the honor of his school just to humor her whims isn't up to much."

Excitement makes friends of us all. The little girl in orange and black turned to Shuster's mother, and without knowing who she was, said, "Just think, Shuster's mother won't let him play because she's afraid he'll get nervous and excited. Imagine a great, big fellow like him getting excited. But, just the same, all because of his mother, we'll have to lose the game. My, but it makes me angry to think about it."

Then, it suddenly came to Shuster's mother that she was wrong, that after all the honor and glory of a school are much more than a mother's whim, and stepping down from the grandstand, she said to a man standing near, "Tell Jack Shuster that I wish him to play."

"That's what we all want but he can't. His mother won't let him."

"But tell him that I want him to play."

"Oh, what have you got to say about it?" Raising her head proudly she said, "I'm his mother. Now please hurry and tell him."

As Shuster stepped to the plate the air was filled with the loud acclamations of the spectators. Calmly he stood in his place awaiting the ball. Twice he let it pass, but the third time he struck and sent the ball whirling straight over center field. The game was won! The people went nearly wild with joy.

Shuster, his mother, and the little girl in orange and black were the center of an excited group, when someone shouted, "Three cheers for Shuster's mother. She was the one who helped us win the game."

The cheering lasted for nearly five minutes, and afterwards Shuster's mother with the arms of her son and the little girl in orange and black around her, could be seen walking excitedly across the field.

"Oh, Jack, my boy, I'm so proud of you. That was such a glorious game, and I've found that baseball isn't nearly as bad as I thought it was. And, of course, the excitement of it couldn't hurt even a boy like mine. And, after all, even if it did, the honor and glory of one's school are greater than any mother's whims."

—S. F. '13.

It is a beautiful fall evening. The large moon, peeping from behind the enormous black cloud, casts a shadow upon the earth.

A soft wind is blowing and the mournful rustle of the leaves seems to reiterate its sound. In the distance is heard the harsh shriek of an owl. Perhaps it is the baby owl calling to its mother, or maybe the mother calling for her young. All nature seems in harmony tonight, with the feeling of loneliness and desolation that is in the homes during this horrible time of war.

The thoughts of everyone are wandering over all parts of the world just the same as the thoughts of the dumb creatures. The lonesome owl expresses its happiness or sorrow by the same "ou" "ou." But the desolate women who wait in their homes for news of battle try to hide their grief and to make no complaint.

In one home there is an aged woman sitting in a dark room with no light except the burning coals in the open fire place. She sits gazing at them, but utters not a sound. Who knows of what she is thinking, with her sad sweet face and eyes cast downward? She is thinking of her only son, her son, who ran away and enlisted in the army.

She can see him now dressed as he was the day he left home. She visualizes him as wearing a uniform of blue, and fighting bravely among his comrades.

But the mother's vision is not true. Her only son is now wounded

upon a battlefield. He, too, thinks of his mother and wishes he could be with her, but it is of no use. He is alone on a battlefield while she is in a country cottage. They are separated and separated for life; for his grave will be in an open battlefield, and her's in a country churchyard. —S.H.'13

Fables.

Once upon a time there was a girl who sat in school and chewed gum from morning till night. She had been very pretty once, but that was long ago before she had contracted the chewing habit.

I had become accustomed at seeing her jaws in continual motion and never paid any attention to her. But one day, by accident, I turned around and saw her chewing faster than ever, so fast, in fact, that I could hardly see her mouth move. All at once her face almost disappeared, and her mouth became as large as her entire countenance. Soon it disappeared entirely, and in its place stood a large, hideous cavity which was always closing and opening,

Poor girl, she still roams the world with her features disordered and terrible to look upon.

If you don't believe this, chew gum, and you will find that my moral is true.

—F. T. '13.

Child: "Mother, what makes your mouth so large?"

Mother: "Chewing gum."

Child: "What makes your teeth white?"

Mother: "Chewing gum."

Child: "What makes your tooth ache?"

Mother: "Chewing gum."

Child: "What makes your ear hurt?"

Mother: "Chewing gum."

Child: "What makes your head ache?"

Mother: "Chewing gum."

Child: "Well, what's the use of chewing gum?"

Mother: "None, my son, there's no sense in chewing gum."—S.H.'13

The Blackfeet Indians

The Blackfeet Indians belonged to the Algonkin Tribes. Their homes were in the far west at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. They were plains Indians. Their craftiness made them good warriors and buffalo hunters.

The general opinion of the Indian is denied in this tribe. They had good dispositions, sunny tempers, and a sense of humor.

The chief pastimes were gambling and feasting. A game similar to the Creek's "chunkey" was played. A log was laid on the ground and a wheel, about four inches in diameter, with beaded spokes, was rolled along

the ground toward the log. As it rolled, arrows were shot at it, units being made according to the way the wheel was hit. The people became very much excited and bet heavily.

A favorite might go from feast to feast all day. Three were often given in a day by one man. The host would order his best food prepared, then go out in front of his tepee and call out the name of each invited guest three times and tell the number of pipes to be smoked, usually three.

Each guest was given the amount of food intended for him. He couldn't ask for more. However, it was considered good manners to carry away what he was unable to eat. After eating, the host passed the pipes, each man passing them on to the man on his left. Jokes and stories were told, only one speaking at a time. Then the host would tell them they might go.

At night they told their sacred stories, as they sat about the camp-fire. They were too sacred to be repeated in daylight.

Lost on the Desert

Out on a lonely hill, sits a man. His clothes are covered with dust. His hair and face look as though the sand and wind have found a place of refuge. His horse, standing a little ways off, is the only thing within miles that is restful to those poor, blood-shot eyes.

It is about noon and the hot rays of the sun are beating down on the desert and on the tired man. But these rays do not bother "The Hollow of God's Hand," as it is called. It has long ceased to care and lays there enticing people to enter its boundaries, some of which never find their way out.

The man's canteen is hanging to his saddle. But he makes no attempt to get it. Many miles back he had drained its contents. Almost within his reach is a spring, but at this time of the year the sun and the heat of the earth have dried its waters.

His horse is standing, pawing and raising a dust which seems to catch hold, and go sweeping across the desert.

The sun rays are turning cool. Will it only remain so for a while? No! the cloud is passing and again those burning, parching rays are beating down.

His horse falls weakened from the want of water. The man takes from his holster a revolver. A shot rings out. The horse is through with his suffering.

Only one shot left. Will he end his own suffering also? No, that would be against God's will. He must suffer and suffer until life slowly passes away.

Gradually becoming sleepy he lays down, using the earth as a bed and the clouds and heat rays of the sun as quilts. He no longer feels the suffering. The heat and thirstiness are gone. A thought of a girl flashes through his mind, and with a smile on his lips, he closes his eyes, and remembers nothing more.

Hearing a noise he opens his eyes. Everything is cool and quiet. He closes his eyes again and tries to think where he is. He can recall nothing except that he fell asleep on the desert.

A cool breeze is on his face like someone fanning him. He looks up and, standing close by, is the girl whom he had remembered on the desert when he was so near to death.

—C. P. '13.

Charge of the Wyoming Pioneer Brigade

Half a mile, half a mile,
 Half a mile onward,
 Into the valley of hope
 Drove the six hundred.
 "Forward the men!
 Charge on the Reds," he said.
 Into the Wyoming valley,
 Drove the six hundred.
 "Forward the Pioneer Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not tho' the women knew
 Some one had blundered:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die:
 Into the Wyoming valley
 Drove the six hundred.
 Indians in front of them,
 Indians to right of them,
 Indians to left of them,
 War-cried and thundered:
 Stormed at with flint and shell,
 Boldly they drove and well:
 Into the valley of hope,
 Into the Paradise dell,
 Drove the six hundred.
 Flashed all their rifles bare,
 Flashed as they waved in air,

Killing the Indians there,
 Charging the West, while
 All the East wondered:
 Right thru the sage-brush smoke,
 Right past the Reds they broke.
 Indian and pony
 Fell, from the Pioneer's stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Still they drove on—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Indians to right of them,
 Indians to left of them,
 Indians behind them,
 War-cried and thundered:
 Stormed at with flint and shell,
 While horse and pioneer fell,
 They who had fought so well
 Came thru the Wyoming valley,
 And stopped at this little dell,
 "Rock Springs,"
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the East wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor Wyoming's Pioneer Brigade!
 Noble six hundred.

—O. R. B. '13

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News



Commencement exercises will be held May 29, 1912.

The girls of the Basket Ball team are playing again and expect to play with the Evanston girls on May 4.

There is a class of about forty-two pupils taking typewriting. The majority being in the Sophomore class.

There are seventeen members in the Senior class, the largest senior class in the history of the Rock Springs High School.

Room nine was occupied last year by the Sub-Freshmen, but this year it is used as a recitation room, study room, and physical laboratory.

The advanced Latin class is doing double work this year. They have completed Cicero, and prose composition, and expect to finish Virgil.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Thayer presented to the school a very beautiful picture of the late President McKinley. It is hung in room ten which is occupied by the Sub-Freshman class.

It is with faltering pen and deepest regret, that the High School must record the deaths of Lawrence Daniels of the Sophomore class, and Hazel Cooper of the Junior class, both being studious scholars and lovable companions.

The Sophomores won the pennant given by the Juniors, for selling the most tickets for their play. The pennant is in the Sophomore colors, blue and white. The play was held in the Grand opera house, and was enjoyed by all who attended.

The First National Bank presented the rooms with calendars, as is their usual custom. The picture on the calendar was taken from a hand painting by Gerome Ferris, and is titled "Washington's Last Birthday." The students wrote stories about the picture; and prizes were awarded to the following, for the best stories: Gussie Wilde, first prize \$5; Mamie Juel, second prize \$3; Cecil Outsen, third prize \$3; Bessie Johnson, fourth prize \$2.

At the beginning of the year there were twenty-three registered for the first year Latin. Nearly all are completing the work. This is the largest Latin class in the history of the Rock Springs High School.

Miss Evangeline Downey, of the high school, has been so fortunate as to secure a fellowship in the Department of Household Administration, at the University of Chicago for next year. She will specialize in Sociology.

Professor Creager of the Wyoming University visited the High School on Friday, March 28. He gave a very instructive and entertaining address to the students and teachers. He also talked individually to the Seniors about the future.



The "Big Stick" was adopted by the class of 1913 as their symbol. Their class pin is designed upon this model.

(The Handiwork of Orren Bell.)

Shakespeare would, no doubt, smile his approval and applaud loudly, if he could but be present at the presentation of one of his famous plays, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the members of the Senior class. He would also be pleased with Miss Downey's instruction in having it played in such an elaborate manner and the players so beautifully costumed. It is a foregone conclusion that naught but success can crown the efforts of the Seniors in their dramatic ambitions. The cast of characters are:

Theseus, Duke of Athens	-	-	-	-	Robert Crie
Egeus, Mother of Hermia	-	-	-	-	Lydia Foster
Lysander, in love with Hermia	-	-	-	-	Thomas LeMarr
Demetrius, in love with Hermia	-	-	-	-	Harry McKinney
Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus	-	-	-	-	Martha Blair
Quince, a Carpenter	-	-	-	-	Eugene Morris
Snug, a Joiner	-	-	-	-	Robert Crie
Bottom, a Weaver	-	-	-	-	Harry Francis
Flute, a Bellows Mender	-	-	-	-	Iver Linden
Snout, a tinker	-	-	-	-	Harry McKinney
Starveling, a Tailor	-	-	-	-	Thomas LeMarr
Hyppolata, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus	-	-	-	-	Alice Morrow
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander	-	-	-	-	Hildur Olson
Helena, in love with Demetrius	-	-	-	-	Iona Jensen
Oberon, King of the Fairies	-	-	-	-	Frank Subic
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	-	-	-	-	Grace Park
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow	-	-	-	-	Hazel Iredale
Peaseblossom	-	-	-	-	Christena Muir)
Cobweb	-	-	-	-	Martha Blair)
Moth	-	-	-	-	Clara Utsinger)
Mustardseed	-	-	-	-	Emma Smith)



THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

M U S I C

The Music in High School has been carried on as in previous years.

Miss Hazel Iredale has, for the fifth year, been the high school pianist.

The Glee Club has been a help to the churches by preparing special music for them.

We have been fortunate in being able to keep such an efficient director as Mrs. Howard.

The number of students taking music is large, despite the fact that it was purely elective.

Mrs. Howard reorganized a Glee Club of fourteen girls, which has been much in demand this year.

The High School has a great deal of good material for another Glee Club which may be formed next year.

The Glee Club furnished the music for the Elks' Memorial service and were generously rewarded for their efforts.

The Searchlight Club has been visited by the Glee Club several times on invitation and have added to their programs.

After a short rest the girls have resumed their practice, twice a week, for Commencement week, at which time the Club will furnish the music.



EVANGELINE DOWNEY, A. B., B. S.
Mathematics



L. L. TURPIN
Commercial



LEONORA B. ARMSTRONG
English

The
High
School
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Music and Drawing



MISS RUTH JONES
History



On October 31 the Sophomore A class gave a delightful Halloween party at the City Hall. The room was decorated in Halloween decorations. A delightful time was enjoyed by all. Many games were played, in all of which members of the faculty took part.

The Sophomore B class enjoyed a delightful social time at the Finn Hall. Games and dancing were the main features of the evening. At the close a bountiful supper was served.

On December 17, the O. A. S. club entertained the Junior and Senior girls at a sewing party in Room 9. Articles to send to the Orphans' Home in Laramie were made. The favor was returned a week later by the Junior and Senior girls, by entertaining the members of the O. A. S. club and the Sophomore girls at a four o'clock tea.

The Senior girls report a good time at a party given by Miss Jones on February tenth. Many games were played, such as the "Animal Game" in which each member was given a stick of gum and was obliged to make some sort of animal. Various other games were played. A delightful lunch closed the evening.

Misses Downey and Armstrong entertained the Seniors, on March 29, at an April Fool party. Twelve of the Seniors were initiated into the Jesters' Club. Various progressive games were played, at the end of which dainty refreshments were served. The guests were well-pleased with the evening.

The Junior Prom, given at the North Side Building, on April 12, in honor of the Seniors was the great social event of the season. The reception room was decorated with pennants and cozy corners. After the program which was given by different members of the Junior class, the Seniors were set to unravelling a cobweb. At the end of each string a souvenir and a verse were attached. Each member of the Senior class was obliged to read his verse before the guests. After the games, the guests were requested to enter the hall, where a delightful banquet awaited them. This was decorated in pink and white table cards, pink and white carnations, and ice cream in pink and white color. During the banquet an eight-piece orchestra furnished delightful music.

Alumni of Rock Springs High School

Class of 1896

Ada Parker Ramsay, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Jennie Young Harvey, Fort Lupton, Colo.
Bessie Taylor Elias, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Alma Ramsay Megeath, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Albert Moffatt, Park City, Utah.
John Sheddon, North Yakima, Wash.

Class of 1898

Maggie Riddle McCourt, Green River, Wyo.
Francis Young Stiteler, Gunn, Wyo.
Christina Simpkins, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Mary Taylor, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Class of 1900

Ida Stephenson Smith, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Ethel Muir Robertson, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Hattie O'Donnell Kellogg, Rock Springs, Wyo.
John Thompson, Wheatland, Wyo.
Thomas Davis, Portland, Colorado.

Class of 1904

Marcus Walker, Arizona.
Samuel Kellogg, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Minnie Weimers, California.

Class of 1905

Nettie Carr Douglas, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Class of 1906

Elsie Paterson Conrad, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Ellen Young, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Gladys Abbott Stewart, Los Angeles, Calif.
Elizabeth Hasson, Rock Springs.

Class of 1907

Hazel Hay Gibson, Blairtown, Wyo.

Louise Henkel, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Agnes Anderson, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Amy Spicer, Long Beach, Calif.

Claude Elias, Rock Springs, Wyo.

John Blair, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Class of 1908

Owen Howells, Fort Collins, Colorado.

Class of 1909

Mary Connor, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Clifford Noblit, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Class of 1910

Bertha White, Laramie, Wyoming.

Marie Freeman, Laramie, Wyoming.

Janie Rose, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Class of 1911

Martha Anderson, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Clara Hickerson, Superior, Wyoming.

Grace Larsen, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Ruth Wassung, Atlanta, Georgia.

Edmund Blair, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Thomas Griffiths, Laramie, Wyoming.

ALUMNI NOTES

Greeting to all Alumni, especially the absent ones. Although few in number, we are already scattered in many directions.

Word comes every now and again from Gladys Abbott Stewart, '06, and Amy Spicer, '07, both of whom have located in California. Miss Spicer at home with her parents at Long Beach, and Mrs. Stewart in Los Angeles, where her husband is a superintendent of cement contracting. Mrs. Stewart is taking special work in voice culture.

John Sheddon, '96, is at present superintending a 640-acre farm at North Yakima, Washington, for some Boston syndicate.

Several of our Alumni are continuing their studies at college. Bertha White, '10, Marie Freeman, '10, and Thomas Griffiths, '11, loyal to their

state institution, are attending the University at Laramie, and Owen Howells, '08, is in attendance at Fort Collins (Colorado) Agricultural College.

Janie Rose, '10, Grace Larsen, '11, Mary Connor, '09, and Agnes Anderson, '07, are all teaching in the city schools of Rock Springs.

Clara Hickerson, '11, having finished a successful year teaching in the schools at Kemmerer, has returned to her home in Superior, Wyoming.

Thomas Davis, 1900, having finished his study of medicine, has located at Portland, Col., and is enjoying his work as an energetic young doctor.

The Alumni extend sympathy to Martha Anderson, '11. She was recently called home from her studies at Berkeley, Calif., by the death of her father.

Elizabeth Hasson, '06, Louise Henkel, '07, and Claude Elias, '07, have all proved themselves adept in the banking business, and are employed at the Rock Springs National bank.

The Alumni's youngest bride is Hazel Hay, '07. She was married on Monday evening, April 22, 1912, to Harold H. Gibson, and is now at home to her many friends at Blairtown, Wyo.

John Blair, '07, and Edmund Blair, '11, are both engaged in furthering their father's interests in the sheep business. They spend most of their time on the ranch in the northern part of the state.

Marcus Walker, '04, is engaged in mining engineering in Arizona. He has been at home there since graduating from the Wyoming University in 1908. He was married recently to a daughter of a minister there.

E X C H A N G E S

The Rock Springs High School is proud to have Mr. Toby Reavill, a former high school student, on the staff of the Phillip Exeter Monthly.

List of Exchanges: Wyoming Student, University of Wyoming; Dinosaur (Laramie); Lariat (Cheyenne); Roundup (Douglas); Phillip Exeter Monthly (Exeter Academy).

It is the purpose of the management of the ANNUAL to get a copy into every high school in the Northwest. We sincerely hope it will be considered worthy of exchange privileges.

Five years ago there were no papers published by the high schools of the state. Now, almost all of the high schools of the state publish monthly papers or annuals. This shows that the schools are becoming larger and

more interest is being taken in them. We hope that there will be as great an increase in the next five years as there has been in the past. We also hope that many school papers will be published, and the schools will prosper in every line of work.

She: "John, I consider sheep the stupidest animal living."

He: "Yes, my lamb."

Every lassie has her laddie,
To whisper words of love;
Every lassie has her daddie,
To knock on the floor above.—Kiskiminnetan.

L. H. S. Boy: Well, it's New Year, and I am going to cut out the slang, get me?"

L. H. S. Girl: "Say, kid, can that soft chatter. Get a transfer, you are under the wire last. I cut the heck talk years ago myself."—Dinosaur.

The man who lives
But to exist,
Could evaporize,
And not be mist.—Ex.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet.
'Twas there he first fell in debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—Ex.

Lady: "Conductor, which door shall I go out of?"

Conductor: "Either ma'am, the car stops at both ends."—Ex.

Lysle: "What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Clifford: "Me, next to a girl."

Fusser: "I can tell you how much water runs over the Niagara Falls to a quart."

Girl: "How much?"

Fusser: "Two pints."—Ex.

First Student: "Why is a Junior girl like a clock?"

Second Student: "I don't know."

First Student: "Because its all face and no figure; has no head to speak of; is hard to stop when once wound up; and has a striking way of calling attention to itself every hour of the day."—Ex.

The boasted silver lining,
Makes very little display,
Unless you start to hustle,
And push the cloud away.—Roundup.



JOKES

In Geometry Class. Mr. Clement:
"Name another chord of the circle."

Miss Love (Saying it quickly): "O
G."

Why are the girls in the bookkeeping
class always busy? Because they have
dates to fix up with Mr. Turpin.

Miss Jones (in History class):
"What was the first step the Parlia-
ment took?"

Miss Park: "Over the door step."

Miss Armstrong (in English): "The
first two rows of chairs may pass to
the board."

Miss Jones (in History class): "What did Franklin do?"

Miss Mengoni: "He invented lightning.

If "Hazel" is tame, is "Gussie Wilde."

If "Clifford Rose," did "Sophie Went?"

Miss Downey (in English class): "Orren, are dates common or
proper?"

Orren: "They are generally common, but they are both common and
proper with me."

Parsing words. Miss Downey: "Robert, what is lovable?"

Robert G.: "Why, girls are, generally."

Iona J. (in Algebra): "If I make a mistake, is it wrong?"

Miss M. (to children in room six): "Name five animals that creep?"

One Bright Youngster: "Lizzards, stink bugs, lice, bed bugs, and
babies."

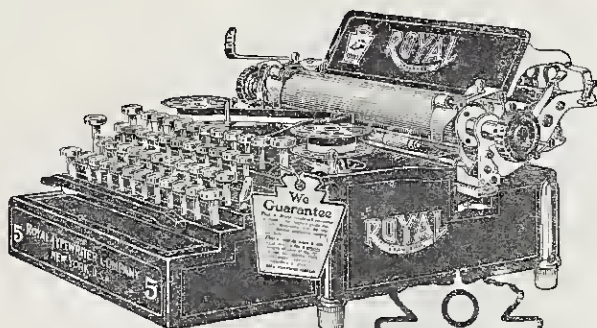
In Latin: "The Senate's house was consecrated."

Robert, translating: "The Senate's house was condensed."

In Ancient History Class. Miss Jones: "What is meant by lyric?"

Miss Russold: "Why, the picture show, of course."

In Ancient History class. Miss Jones, speaking of Janus, a Roman
god who had two faces, remarked, "Janus is two-faced."



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and it is a theatre of the future

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A Thought That's Worth While



The Back of things National Bank
The Bank of the National Bank